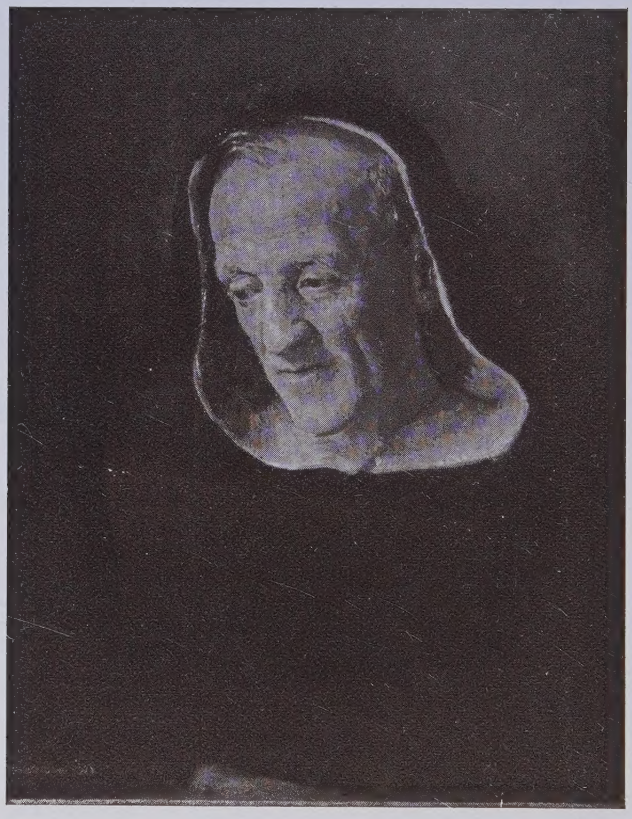
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/godsbookotherpoe0000frvi



FR. VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

from a painting by Kenneth Green.

GOD'S BOOK

AND OTHER POEMS

BY FR. VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

HAND-PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
AT ST DOMINIC'S PRESS
DITCHLING, SUSSEX
1930

ERRATA

Page 11, *line* 10: *for* sloe *read* star.

Page 13, *last line: for* anew *read* renew.

Page 18, *line* 12: *for* mercies at *read* mercies of.

Page 25, *line* 10: *for* scare, more *read* scarce more.

God's Book and Other Poems, by Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., with three wood engravings by Thomas Derrick.
480 copies only, printed on hand made paper, of which this is No. 379

CONTENTS

God's Book	1
Canticum Magorum	2
Our First Teacher	5
Follow Me	7
Eternal Rest Give Unto Us	8
St Thomas	9
Two Mysteries	10
The Shepherd Maid of Carmel	11
Our Lady Risen	13
Non Nisi Te Domine	14
Love Keeps It's Vows	16
Thou Knowest if I Love Thee	17
A Golden Jubilee	18
Prayer of St Thomas to the Holy Spirit	20
Verbum Mutum	21
God's Lily of the Valley	22
Encomium Moriae	23
In Te Domine Speravi	24
Nature's Message	25
To a Painter	26
Mitis et Humilis	27
The Titanic	28
Dei Culpa	29
Downside Abbey Church	30
The Hireling	31
The Joy of Angels	32
Deus Charitas Est	33
Unto the Olive Hill	36
Epigram	38
The King's Cloak	39

GOD'S BOOK

A GLASS
To show our heart its shadows as they pass.
A Tale
To rouse our laggard foot-steps lest they fail.
A Nook
Of silence near God's murmuring water brook.
A Home
Where weary feet may hope at eve to come.
A Friend
Whose love will never falter to the end.
A Road
Where we may stand and weep, as Mary stood.
A Heaven
Not of good only— but of sin forgiven.
A choir
Of light and song beyond our heart's desire.

CANTICUM MAGORUM

THE crib and stable
Are not man's fable;
But are in sooth
God's naked truth.

The narrow cave
Is what God gave
Our pride to save.

The mirk within
Is mortal sin.

The winter frost
Is God's love lost.

The hay and straw
Are things of awe,
Befall'n by law.

Ev'n ox and ass
Have come to pass.

The want and cold
Are pain foretold.

The Nursling's cries
End prophecies.

The star without
Has come about
To light our doubt.

The working man
Kneels there, to plan.

And, man of faith
All joyous saith:

"That son who stirs
Is God's and— hers!"

The maid, who sings
Soft Carollings,

Lulls by her words
The LORD of LORDS.

From out the skies
Loud anthems rise.

Heaven's royal choir
A song conspire,
All shot with fire,

To speed their King
Gone Conquering.

And we, who now
Before Him bow,

Are wholly sin
Without, within.

Yet— crib and stable
Being no fond fable,

Although our guilt
This Child's joy spilt,

Our hearts beat wild
To know this Child

IS GOD THE SON—
AND SIN— UNDONE.
ERO MORS TUA O MORS.

OUR FIRST TEACHER

Alexander Stavensby, Bp. of Lichfield, taught the first seven Friar Preachers at Toulouse.

SOMEWHERE within these walls unknown,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone—
Thou liest, Master, midst thine own.

Only these stones our feet now tread
Might tell us, weeping, where thy head
In thy long sleep lies pillowed.

Here we remember, in thy praise,
Those unforgettable spring days
When Dominic, to thine amaze,

Brought thee his friars. Thus from thee,
Whom Truth had lured beyond the sea,
They learnt the Truth that sets men free.

Here we acknowledge, in God's sight,
Thou art our Teacher by God's right;
From thee our torches took their light.

From thee Aquinas lit the fire
That bore him to the Angel choir;
Thou wert his thought's authentic Sire.

Master! thy hidden tomb we weep,
Yet a twice-hidden tomb we keep
Within our heart's innermost deep.

We know not whether age or youth
Is the world's weakness. Yet, forsooth,
We know its weakness needs the Truth.

From thee our fathers learnt to preach
God's truth, in sin-uprooting speech;
Teach us, their sons, how best to teach.

Teach us, thou second Gabriel,
The wondrous hue and scent to tell
Of the fair Bud of Israel.

Thou friend of Dominic, God's friend,
Make us, whom countless sins attend,
Beloved of both unto the end.

FOLLOW ME

OUT of Life's meadows bright with Spring,
Out of the woods whose cloister long
The throstle fills with love-born song,
Out of thy youth's illusioning,
FOLLOW ME!

DOWN thro' Life's thickets where the briar
Thy childhood's gossamer may rend;
Down thro' a darkness where the end
Is reached through flood of sea and fire,
FOLLOW ME!

UP to a GOLGOTHA — a tree,
Where hangs thy Love in piteous rue;
Then UP! Where JESU'S wounds embrace
Thy Soul in endless ecstacy,
FOLLOW ME!

ETERNAL REST GIVE UNTO US

O DARKNESS-FRIGHTED one,
Let Faith thy Fears outrun;
Within thy Father's arms
Peace be to death's alarms.
And on God's mothering breast
Take, child, untroubled rest.

SAINT THOMAS

ANGEL, in mind and heart, thy fervent soul
Was filled with love and high poetic song.
Peopling thy fancy, dwelt a mighty throng
Of harmonies divine. Thou could'st control
Such floods of heavenly minstrelsy as roll
Through minds angelic. Swiftest glance among
The things of God inspired thee. High and long
Thou chanted'st Panges—anthems sweet that stole
Men's hearts for God. Say then, bard of Christ hid,
How thou could'st limn God, the All-Fair? How press
Jesu's pierced side, th'ensanguined wounds caress
Of Christ, tearless and songless; how forbid
Thy heart its throbs—its rue, lest Truth divine
Should stain its limped rills with ought of thine?

TWO MYSTERIES

TWO mysteries thought can ne'er construe,
So far they lie from human ken:
That God became a man for men.....
And men are found to hold it true.

Iam ergo tria sunt incredibilia quae tamen facta sunt. Incredibile est Christum resurexisse in carne, et in coelum ascendisse cum carne. Incredibile est mundum rem tam incredibilem credidisse. Incredibile est homines ignobiles, infirmos, paucissimos impentos rem tam incredibilem tam efficaciter mundo et in illis etiam doctis persuaaere potuisse. (St Augustine De Civ. Dei, Lib. 21, c. 5.)

THE SHEPHERD-MAID OF CARMEL

THE shepherd-maid on Carmel slopes
Makes metaphor of all her hopes!
The hieroglyph of love she knows,
The secret of the blushing-rose,
And why the scent-strewn south wind blows.
God lends the sun to light her way;
She learns most featly what to say
In prayer, by listening to the flowers
That hum by silences their Hours.
Each sloe a sister is who keeps
Vigil beside her whilst she sleeps,
Or soothes her eyelids if she weeps.
All lights are borrowings from the sun,
All waters to the ocean run,
And all her thoughts are towards the One.
Our hopes and all our great surprise.....
She curtains from her yeilding eyes.
God is our God when warm winds blow,
She praises Him in frost and snow.
This shepherd-maid on Carmel slopes
Has such a royal dower of hopes,
That even Carmel, with its scents
And flowers and white shepherd-tents,
No more a hill in Jewry is;
But God's most holy Mount of bliss.

OUR LADY RISEN

HOW couldst thou die, Mary?
Thou hadst brought forth our Life's own life:
Was thy love weaker than death? No strife
For thee to die, but ecstasy.

How couldst thou say "Good-bye"
To Him who won thee on the Hill with tears?
Thee had He cherished many years
And loved. But you would meet on high.

How didst thou bear the tomb?
In soul and flesh from rust and sin
By God annealed. For thus therein
Thou mad'st a Christ-like triduum.

When didst thou rise, Mary,
On high? Didst thou not know the way?
There had thy dear heart been alway.
Three days they festooned heaven for thee.

Wilt thou forget, Mary,
Those who so far from thee are riven?
The body of this death, to heaven
From out the tomb, uplift thee.

How shall we praise, Mary,
Thy stainless flesh, from whence was spun
Christ's seamless robe? For us thy Son
Will anew thy lullaby.

NON NISI TE DOMINE.*

GOD of all kindness! From the abyss of naught
To this fair world of land and sea,
With billow crowned and waving tree,
By Thee in love eternal was I brought—
Was brought by Thee— none else but Thee.

And now within this slowly dying heart
My childhood's dreams steal back to me,
As when I sought to pierce and see
Behind the veils of sight, if but in part,
One glimpse of Thee— none else but Thee.

These parchments with their finely fretted lines
My failing eyes no more may see,
How tranquil was the ecstasy
They brought, like coolest draught to one who pines
Athirst for Thee— none else but Thee.

Then when the Golden morn of youth had passed
To manhood's day, and bold and free
I read the world's philosophy;
Its first clear-sounding message, as its last,
But spoke of Thee—none else but Thee.

And then how yearned my soul the glad good tidings
Unto the world's deep misery
To forth-tell, that humanity
Might spurn at last its low and selfish guidings,
And yield to Thee— none else but Thee.

I wrote for men; and intercourse with men,
With aims so low and destiny
Of Angel, made the mystery
Of life darker and darker still— and then
I *groped* for Thee— none else but Thee.

Thee had I clasped and held with childhood's love,
And handled all too fearlessly
With youth's impetuosity,
Till the world's noon-day seemed from heaven above
To banish Thee— none else but Thee.

Yet wrote I on in never waning trust,
With faith that brought the tears from me,
With hope that drained the life from me;
And taught man he is but a grain of dust,
Yet made for Thee— none else but Thee.

How ill I taught, the blessed vision now
Vouchsafed brings home so piercingly!
All is but chaff I wrote; and, see,
In ignorance and pride most headstrong, how
I mis-spoke Thee— none else but Thee.

What hear I, Lord? Canst Thou so soon forget
My wilful past and summon me
To ask reward! Then shall it be,
God of my youth, and, when my sun is set,
None else but Thee— none else but Thee.

**The reply of St Thomas Aquinas to our Blessed Lord.*

LOVE KEEPS ITS VOWS

(*Coepit pavere et taedere*— MARK XIV 32.)

TO-DAY with its unseen alloy
Awaits the fire— trial of to-morrow.
The vows Love makes in days of joy,
Love keeps, with moan, in nights of sorrow.

THOU KNOWEST IF I LOVE THEE

JESU! the evil one hath gone his way,
And, sobbing, kneel I at thy nail-pierced feet.
The subtle fiend outspread his wiles to cheat
Sinful consent from my weak soul. O say,
My crucified, had I a mind to slay
Thee at his hire? This blood that wells so fleet
From Thy lance-cloven heart, love's mercy-seat,
Have I outpoured it? Jesu! in the fray
With our foul foe, have I in fear given way?
—Wilt Thou, love-silenced One, forbear to still
The sorrow-laden waves of doubt that fill
My heart. Walk I in darkness or in day?
Yet Jesu gladly will I bear the pain
Of slaying Thee—so be thou art not slain.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

V. Rev. Fr. Thomas McKenna, O.P.

BE still, my soul; and let thy fingers tell
Once more the thin-worn chaplet of thy years.
I know not— Jesus knows— if all be well,
Or if my wilfulness still stirs His tears.

I know with joy the chaplet of my life,
The fifty golden years His love has lent,
Have been no day of hate-o'ershadowed strife
But spring-time, with its sunshine and its scent.

With thanks I see across the broad, white, ways
Of Dominic, wherein my feet have trod,
Not the blurred traces of a lamb that strays,
But myriad mercies at the feet of God.

Wondering, I feel within this ageing heart
Some windows close thro' which earth sends her chills,
And some new-opened where, from noise apart,
I stand to hail far-off th' eternal hills.

At such an autumn even-tide I miss
The spring-morn friendships of a day long dead.
Then 'twas the earth that gave us perfect bliss;
To-day I visit them in heaven instead.

Whilst bravely telling o'er the fifty years
I've stood within the furrow of the Lord,
Not in His sternest words I find my fears,
But in my words and life, that scant accord.

And when so many of earth's pillars, low
Have fall'n, and are mingling with the dust,
Not in such shadows, but in Him I know,
(Tho' hid 'neath shadows infinite), I trust.

To Him alone I offer up my praise;
My timid fledgeling thanks for all He wrought
And bore— so unrepentant in His ways
Of selling mercy cheaper than He bought.

Give me, O God, to-day at even-tide,
The waste days of my life to rise above
In perfect trust; and what remains beside
To consecrate to Thee in perfect love.

PRAYER OF SAINT THOMAS TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

SPIRIT of Truth, send forth one ray
Of the unwaning day
That fills Thy wake. Drive far away
Falsehood's dread night.

Thou knowest man and how he gropes
At noon for light and hopes,
Unhelped by Thee, to climb the slopes
Where Truth is throned.

Thou see'st our minds, unbent to rein,
Cast off as serfdom's chain
The laws that Truth itself restrain,
And—senseless—hail

Passion's pretender as our king
That we may serve no thing,
Nor own its sway o'er thought, but cling
To self's deceit.

What nature made, do Thou re-make,
Closed eyes, for Thy own sake
Open to Truth's sunshine; and wake
My soul to Truth.

Whilst thankfulness for mercy's light
Subjects me in Thy sight
May I ne'er yield to passion's might!
And thus, do Thou

Spirit of Force and Mystic Dove,
Grant me— all else above
In all my works and ways to love
And live the Truth.

VERBUM MUTUM

(MK. XIV 61. *But He held His peace*)

WHEN specious lies my mind enmesh
And lures of sin my will o'ercome,
Yield me Thy truth, O Word made flesh;
Yet more, Thy strength, O Word made dumb.

GOD'S LILY OF THE VALLEY

THERE was a little land
'Twixt sea and desert sand;
There was a hamlet mean,
Poor and but hardly seen,
Where in a hidden glade
God's masterpiece was made—
O Lilium convallium,
Tremula spes mortalium.

In Nazareth's dark loam
He fashioned thy first home.
He made thee as a root
With earthward-tending shoot.
Yet, birth-made for the sun,
Skyward thy stem did run—
O pulchrum vallis lilium
Quaesisti Dei Filium,
Sitisti Dei Filium.

He wrought thee as a blade
Of tender leaf that made,
By miracle, a way
From dark loam unto day;
And thus, with sky-green gowned,
Thou wert God-girt around—
O vallis lilium decorum,
O urna omnium odorum.

He carved thee as a flower
To grace His heavenly bower,
Yea, gave thee scent and sheen
To fit that bower's Queen;
Whilst thou in meek surprise
Bowed earthward from the skies—
O Lilium convallium,
Regina immortalium,
Audi preces sodalium.

ENCOMIUM MORIAE

THRICE blessed were the three foolishwise,
Who solved earth's mysteries in the skies.
They sought stars; and were taught of them
A way most straight to Bethlehem;
And, scorning man's ways every one,
Came West to find the dawning sun.
That mid-night Sun ris'n in the West,
Was God and Man, both at their best.
They found God's riches in a cave;
And, nothing daunted, riches gave,
As if the torch they bore by night
Would meekly lend the Sun it's light!
Now God, Who loves the foolish-wise,
Took back His own with sweet surprise,
And tears, as thanks, within His eyes.

IN TE DOMINE SPERAVI

BEFORE me lies life's sea, thrice-veiled in night,
Strength infinite hidden in deepest gloom;
And I, frail argosy, with endless doom
Chartered to steer my course to left— to right.

Before me lies my Soul— lies out of sight
Strength infinite for heaven or hell; a room
Untenanted, which God may fill; or tomb
Fiend-tenanted. My soul: quell thou thy fright.

Not in thine own name must thou seek the fight,
Nor o'er these oceans demon-lashed presume
Alone to sail. Else were the ocean's womb
My grave. Thy pole-star be th' eternal light.
And in His name unlade thy human will
Who whispered and the angry waves were still.

NATURE'S MESSAGE

O POET! whom the fair wide world enthralls,
Thou seest the heart of things, and yet art glad.
To me the world's one message as a sad
Low dirge, played on keys silver-sweet, recalls

Nights pain-distraught and death and funeral palls.
Low sings my heart, 'Woe! woe!' when spring has
The hills with wedding green and gold. I add [clad
Death trappings to the high embattled walls,

Wherein is throned the day - old sun. Dark squalls
Of furious air are fraught with scare, more fear
Than flowerets gay to me or streamlets clear.
I know not Nature's speech. She mocks my calls.

The blithe world spurns me— I a mortgaged heir.
Whom parent's sin and self-made guilt impair.

TO A PAINTER

(now a Contemplative Nun.)

BEAUTY'S high priestess thou!
And dedicate, as a self-cloistered nun, by Vow
To the first Fair,
Whom wisely thou dost love, nor yet hast seen
As see the Angels, and the Angel's Queen,
Yet see'st everywhere.

The Orient splendours of thy thought must be
(Or thou shalt credit them a spurious brood)
Brought forth in Bethlehem poverty,
Or deeper beggary of the Rood.
To do fair by thy Lord, thou must
Practice austerity of the dust
And oil that still make bold by stealth
To be accounted thine Art's wealth.

A Nazareth chastity of Art thou'lt keep;
Or but discover
Thyself no wedded lover,
But Beauty's jade; and weep
For uncleaness no hireling Art can cover.

Thou shalt Obedience, as the Lord Christ, learn
From all thou bearest.
Where'er thy thirsting eyelids turn,
Whate'er thou hearest,
Of Nature's artless wonders,
Or added thunders
Of Genius uttering Nature's thought
In tongue of man,—a kingdom-conquering babe— be taught
To hearken. Thus thou shalt fastened be
To the fair world, the world to thee.

Tread thou another way of Art
And thou hast slain thy dedicated heart;
Yea, wanton, hast forsworn the better part:
Let but thy faltering feet this pathway high
Keep, and Art's priestess thou shalt live and die.

MITIS ET HUMILIS.

THOU dost not set us irksome tasks above
Our strength; nor ask what we can ne'er fulfil.
Sweet is thy yoke, Lord, for it is Thy love,
And light Thy burden, for it is Thy will.

THE TITANIC

YE traiterous billows of the deep!
Which of your moated dungeons keep
The heroes whom the nations weep?

And ye, wan ice-hordes of the North,
Where have ye tombed these men of worth,
Whom ye with Judas-kiss cast forth?

Heroes! Were ye at Hades' gate,
What bard of men would hesitate
His topmost song to consecrate

Unto your rare and deathless dying?
Yet would he fret you not with crying
Where ye in billowy glades are lying.

Let no man o'er your corses dirge:
That insult claims the Judas surge.
Ye died at glory's utmost verge.

We weaklings, whom your death-knell stuns,
Thank Him who blessed the little ones,
Ye were your Viking fathers' sons:

Yea, brothers of the SON whose rood
Stood up empurpled by a flood
Of urgent world-redeeming blood.

Ye are not dead who thus may die,
Ye live in every glistening eye,
Your names shine stars in every sky.

Carven are ye with world-old art
Of sorrow, deep in every heart
That envies you the better part.

Sleep on! Untroubled by the moan
That haunts my song of pride. Alone
Yours is to reap what you have sown.

DEI CULPA.

THE angered soul self-shuttered from the light
Upbraideth God, who will not end it's night.

DOWNSIDE ABBEY CHURCH.

MINSTER! whose brow so boldly fronts the sky;
On no frail feudal pride thy stones were set.
Thou wert betrothed from base to parapet
In Faith; whereon God's Kingdom from on high

Begins, rests, grows[1], whilst purse-proud kingdoms die.
Nor, whilst one stone still stands, shall men forget
How thou wert nursed in nightly fears. And yet
Fears begot Hope; as man, Divinity.

Love, too, that learned from God the Trinity
Of coldest hearth to build a home, has met
And quickened Faith and Hope. Be vain regret
To him who sold the Christ he could not buy!

God's praise, men's thankfulness for ages long
Be thine; thou Home on earth of Heavenly song!

[1] *Fides est humanæ salutis initium, fundamentum, radix.*
Conc. Trid. Sess. vi. De Justif. cap. viii.

THE HIRELING.

GOOD Shepherd Thou didst call Thyself, and art;
Yea, somewhat over playest thy shepherd part;
Giving Thy sheep to drink of Thy welling heart.
Yet hireling were Thy truer name; for no
Meek hireling serveth for wage so low
As Thou— glad of our love's scant overflow.

THE JOY OF ANGELS

SWEET is moon dew. The rose is sweet at noon.
And sweet at eve the honey suckle bower.
But sweeter— though its sweetness dies so soon—
Is summer dust new-kissed by summer shower.
God's angels have great joy whene'er at eve
White flocks of sinless earth-birds flutter in,
But O! how welcome they whose tears achieve
The timid whiteness of forgiven sin.

DEUS CHARITAS EST

Lines written for the Golden Jubilee of Rev. Fr. R. Buckler, O.P., author of The Perfection of Man by Charity.

TO me, the least of those who rhyme,
The task is giv'n before this throng,
To catch the music of the time
And fitly set thy years to song.

I cannot tell— nor you— the day—
It was the early spring of life—
When Love eternal came thy way
And won thy heart with bloodless strife.

Whatever love and youth most prize,
A home wherein thy eyes might see
The tender light of mother's eyes,
Thou didst not leave behind; but flee.

Then what to most would be a prison,
To some a tomb, to some a hell,
Became to thee, with thoughts uprisen,
A home where God and thou might dwell.

Alone with God, through silent years,
Thou dwellest in worlds whose quiets pall
On wordlings; yet hadst thou no fears,
For thy beloved ONE was ALL.

Whilst science sought the law of life
Beneath its tread, thou sought'st above;
And when it cried "The law is strife,"
God told thee "All is one in Love."

Thy soul found thus the wider view,
No lesser theory sufficed,
That parted love and truth in two;
For thou had'st now the mind of Christ.

That mind, when first it filled thy soul
With myriad thoughts that reeled and spun,
Seemed but to rend truth's perfect whole;
Yet drew at length thy thoughts to one.

How fitful were those thoughts when faced
By life's mysteriousness, until
This answer on thy soul He traced
"Child! All is well; for all I will."

Henceforth to spread that will abroad,
And spreading it to link mankind
Each unto each, and all to God,
Became the mind within thy mind.

A cowherd's crib, if love were there
Became to thee God's home with men.
If love lacked, e'en a home of prayer
Could fright thee as a robbers' den.

No childish wranglings jarred thy peace;
For though thy skill in love was great,
And every day brought rich increase,
Thy soul could never love to hate.

Above the storms our passions raise,
In realms the Word Incarnate fills
With silences, thou held'st thy ways
Upon the everlasting hills.

Few had thine eyes to see how white
The harvest lay, how great the yield,
Fewer thy singleness of sight
To welcome toilers to the field.

When we, who trod the field an hour,
Boasted to thee our power in it,
Meekly thou bad'st us ask more power,
But more of apostolic spirit.

Thy years are now when wordlings moan
That death has sicklied life with pain,
Thy thirst to see the Master's throne
Makes death a very gain on gain.

Short years will swiftly pass away,
The night will fall, we know not when.
I know thy heart of love will say
JESU! MY LOVE! THY WILL! Amen.

UNTO THE OLIVE HILL

(To W— M—).

καὶ ὑμνήσαντες ἐξῆλθον εἰς τὸ ὄρος τῶν ἐλαιῶν.
MARK XIV, 26.

THOU makest suffering a flower:—
The cheeks, a pink; a rose, thy lips
Whose dews the song-parched skylark sips.
Thou wearest suffering as a flower.

Thou makest suffering a scent
Of orchard floor and fresh-turned sod
And salt sea-ways that stretch to God.
Thou stillest suffering as a scent.

Thou makest suffering a song:—
A paean of great victory,
An ode of thy soul's bridal day.
Thou singest suffering as a song.

Thy weakness, Loved, is unto power;
For Christ, Who smote Death on the tree,
Hath taught thee His high artistry
To make pain sing, and scent and flower.

INRI

EPIGRAM

(Sir, we would see Jesus. JOHN XII. 21.*)*

Vin' Jesum Videre?
Si Voluisti, Vidisti.

THE KINGS CLOAK

(To M— on having wrought a Ciborium veil.)

FOR Him whose meanest field-flower is arrayed
In fabric woven of rainbow hues and sun,
Thou of dull earthly thread and gold hast made
A cradle-cloak to hide the hidden One.

In joy thou gavest it birth, and called it fair;
Yea, fairest of all works thy hands had wrought.
But now thou see'st it set and hanging there,
About his back,..... thou knowest it is nought.

Whene'er thy victories bow thee in dispair,
Turn thou thine eyes upon these thoughts in tatters:
These words that veil the Word, yet utter everywhere
Beneath their breath: 'Tis love alone that matters.'

KQ-889-889